

Republic Pictures' Star

A Fawcett Publication

# Rocky Lane

Featuring His Stallion **BLACK JACK**

## WESTERN

DECEMBER

**10¢**

NO. 8

**BIG 52 PAGES**



**IN THIS ISSUE: The Sonset Feud!**  
**PLUS OTHER WESTERN TRAIL-BLAZERS!**



# ROCKY LANE WESTERN

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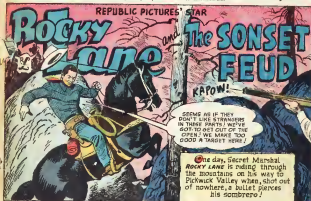
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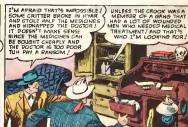
**B**UT AS THE SUN-HAPPY SONSETS TRY TO WIPE OUT THE KANGAROS, ROCKY LANE ARRIVES WITH THE SHERIFF!

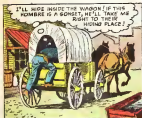


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I'LL HIDE INSIDE THE WAGON! IF THE HOMBRE IS A GONSET, HE'LL TAKE ME RIGHT TO THEIR HIDING PLACE!



GATER, IN THE HILLS...

DID ANYONE IN TOWN RECOGNIZE YOU?

NO! NOBODY KNEW ME!

GOOD! NOW GET THEM VITTLES INSIDE! WE'RE ALL HUNGRY AS BEARS!



IT'S THE GONSETS, ALL RIGHT! THEY'VE PROBABLY GOT THE WOUNDED MEN AND THE DOCTOR INSIDE THAT DESERTED OLD CRACK!



THEY'RE TOO MANY TO TACKLE BY MYSELF! I'LL HIDE UNDER THESE BURLAP BAGS UNTIL DARK! THEN I'LL RIDE BACK TO TOWN TO GET THE SHERIFF AND POSSA TO COME BACK WITH ME! THAT IS, IF I'M NOT DISCOVERED FIRST!



BUT LUCK IS WITH THE STALKWART SECRET MARSHAL...

THEY'VE TAKEN OUT THE GRUB WITHOUT FINDING ME! NOW I CAN RELAY UNTIL IT GETS DARK!



THAT NIGHT....

THEY'RE ALL SLEEPING! NOW TO GET THE SHERIFF AND THE HORSE....



...BUT FIRST I'VE GOT TO MAKE SURE THE DOCTOR IS ALL RIGHT!



# ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE... A SECRET MARSHAL, BUT NO MORE QUESTIONS NOW! WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE ANYONE NOTICES US LEAVING SO I CAN RETURN WITH THE POLICE AND CATCH THEM BEFORE THEY RUN AWAY AGAIN!

GOOD! THEY FORCED ME TO PATCH UP THESE WOUNDED MEN AND THEN MADE A PRISONER OF ME! (THE FASTER I GET OUT OF HERE, THE BETTER I'LL LIKE IT.)

**B**UT IN HIS ANXIETY TO LEAVE, THE DOCTOR DOESN'T NOTICE A NEARBY STOOL, AND.....



**T**HE WOUNDED MAN'S SCREAMS AROUSE EVERYONE IN CAMP.....

DING-BUST IT! THEY'RE ALL COMING HERE! WE'RE TRAPPED! THEY'LL KILL US--AND IT'S ALL MY FAULT!







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Folds into  
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NAME \_\_\_\_\_ (Please Print)

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

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# Ha-Ha-Ha-Halloween Party, Kids!

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DISGUISE MASKS  
FROM PACKAGE BACKS OF  
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- No waiting.
- You GET your disguise mask when Mom buys Kellogg's Corn Flakes.
- Save—collect—trade—all 6 BRAND-NEW MASKS!

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Republic Pictures' Star

# Rocky Lane

## in The FALSE FRIENDSHIP



COLLAPSED BRIDGE OR NOT, WE'VE GOT TO REACH DALL JOBEY'S RANCH! THE OLD MAN DOESN'T TRUST BANKS AND NOW HIS LIFE'S IN DANGER BECAUSE OF IT!

ACCORDING TO THE CHIEF MARSHAL, JOBEY RECEIVED NOTES THREATENING HIS LIFE UNLESS HE TURNED OVER ALL THE MONEY HE HAS HIDDEN ON HIS RANCH!

SINCE JOBEY DOESN'T KNOW WHO'S BEHIND THE NOTES, THE OLD RANCHER ASKED THE CHIEF TO HAVE ONE OF THE SECRET MARSHALS TAKE A JOB AS A COMPONE ON HIS SPREAD! IN THAT WAY, EVERYTHING AND EVERYONE COULD BE WATCHED! AND WE'VE BEEN PICKED FOR THE JOB, BLACK JACK!



MEANWHILE, AT JOBEY'S RANCH...

I'M GLAD NONE OF OUR FAITHFUL WORKERS SENT THOSE THREATENING NOTES, BUT EVEN SO, I'LL NEVER TELL YOH STRANGERS WHAT I'VE GOT ALL MY MONEY HIDDEN!



MAYBE THEY'LL CHANGE TORE MIND!





# ROCKY LANE WESTERN



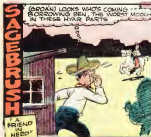












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FITS ON MY  
WRIST!

WELL, NOW BILLY HOLDS  
EVIDENT AGAIN! CAPTURE  
STRONG BY WITH HIM BY  
MY MYCRO-SPY CAMERA

TOO LATE - HE'S  
GETTING AWAY!

ALL SHOOT  
HIM WITH MY  
MYCRO-SPY CAMERA

THESE PICTURES OF  
YOUR LAIR...  
WOMAN DROPPED  
THEIR CASE

WITHOUT THEM  
I CAN'T GET  
GETTING AWAY!

AND HERE'S  
ONE IN COLOR  
SHOWING HIM  
GETTING INTO  
HIS CAR!

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IS THE  
SMALLEST  
PRECISION  
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THEY  
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YOUR FILM  
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LOOK! IT'S  
MAGNETIC!  
LOADED TOO  
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A GUN!



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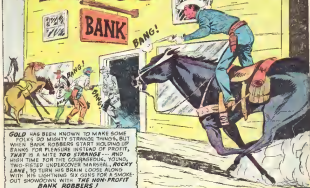


Republic Pictures' Star

# Rocky Lane

and

## The NON-PROFIT BANK ROBBERS



GOLD HAS BEEN KNOWN TO MAKE SOME FOLKS DO MIGHTY STRANGE THINGS, BUT WHEN BANK ROBBERS START HOLDING UP BANKS FOR PLEASURE INSTEAD OF PROFIT, THAT IS A MITE TOO STRANGE--- AND HIGH TIME FOR THE COURAGEOUS, YOUNG, TWO-HEELED UNDERCOVER MARSHAL, ROCKY LANE, TO TURN HIS BRAIN LOOSE ALONG WITH HIS LIGHTNING SIX GUNS FOR A SMOKE-OUT SHOWDOWN WITH THE NON-PROFIT BANK ROBBERS!

4 ROCKY LANE APPROACHES A SLEEPY LITTLE FRONTIER TOWN...



SUDDENLY....

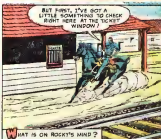


BANK ROBBERS? IT'S A GOOD THING I CAME ALONG WHEN I DID!











LATER, AS THE INTREPID ROCKY LANE LISTENS FROM THE HERRY SHADOWS...





GET 'EM UP!

WHY? IS THE STRANGER?

LOOK GET-- OUR MAN DOWN!



PROF THOSE GUNS! YOU'VE UNDER ARREST FOR ROBBING THE BANK!

YOU'RE NOT TAKING ME! I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!

BANG! BANG! BANG!



NO TIME TO GO AFTER THEIR LEADER NOW BUT I'LL BAG HIM LATER, UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS!

CLIMB ABOARD YOUR HORSES! I'M TAKING YOU JASTERS IN! DON'T RESIST, YOU'LL ROB ANY MORE BANKS!

YOU AIN'T GOT ANYTHING ON US! YOU CAN'T PROVE WE STOLE THE GOLD 'CAUSE I AIN'T NO GOLD MISSING FROM THE BANK! HA, HA! FIGURE THAT ONE OUT--IF YOU CAN!



WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT! GET MOVING AND DON'T TRY ANYTHING I'VE GOT YOU COVERED!



BACK IN TOWN...

HERE ARE THOSE BANK ROBBERS AND THEIR LOOT, SHERIFF! ALL ROUNDED UP AND READY TO BE TUCKED IN JAIL!

BUT MR. RICKER, THE BANK PRESIDENT CLAIMS THAT NOTHING WAS STOLEN!

THAT'S RIGHT, SHERIFF!



I TOLD YOU ALL THE GOLD WAS STILL SAFE IN THE VAULT! I PROVE THE BANK ROBBERS OFF SINGLE-HANDED BEFORE THEY COULD TAKE ANYTHING!

ARE YOU SURE YOU COULD PROVE THEM OFF SINGLE-HANDED SOME TIMES?



SURE, I'M SURE! BY THE WAY, WHO ARE YOU TO GET MIXED UP IN ALL THIS, ANYWAY?

THAT'S ALL I WANT TO KNOW! I'M ROCKY LANE, SECRET U.S. MARSHAL!



THAT'S  
BUT THEY  
RE DOING!

OLD  
0700

BE WORK-  
/ WHAT IN  
EVER  
SUSPECT  
THE FIRST  
PLACE?



KEY! IF IT  
YOU, THEY  
DOT PLUMB  
LICKET  
HEARD TELL  
YOU! I'M  
YOU IN!



Tasty, pure, and wholesome, too!  
A big, chewy piece *plus*  
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# KILL THE NESTER

By Walt Farmer

FRED CAMMER reined up sharply and stared at the door of his two-room cabin. His big hands trembled. If he had been asked whether that was caused by rage or fear, he couldn't have answered.

"Combination," he might have drawled in his word-saving manner of speech.

Fred sat tall in the saddle. His shoulders were broad, his face bore a strong, rock-like quality. His hands were big and tough. He appeared not to be the type of man who would scare easily and yet, as he stared at his door, there was a second when ice gripped his heart.

On that door was his death warrant. Nothing as crude and straightforward as a scrawled note, but nevertheless a message that spelled his doom as surely as if it had been printed in black letters two feet high.

It was there, a bird's nest, impaled against the door by a long-bladed knife.

Fred Cammer sat still and looked at it. A flood of emotions surged through his brain and heart. That he had long expected it didn't ease the shock. To him the message on the door read, "Kill the nester."

"Like a wrenth!" he said aloud and his shoulders shook with mirthless, near-hysterical laughter. Then he leaped from his horse and tore the knife savagely from the door and hurled it to the ground.

"Trouble, Fred?" asked a voice behind him.

Fred turned. The U. S. Marshal, astride his big, white stallion, was looking down at him.

Wordlessly, Fred pointed at the nest and knife on the ground.

"Notice to vacate, eh?" said the Marshal gravely. "You aim to leave?"

Fred shook his head from side to side.

"I saw smoke in the sky, thought there might be trouble and rode on out," said the Marshal.

"Burn burned," responded Fred.

"Know who did it? Want to make any charges?" asked the Marshal.

Fred laughed, bitterly.

His barn had been burned, his fences out. Horses had trampled his corn. But he had no

proof of anything, nothing the law could help him with.

The Marshal spoke again to the taciturn farmer. "Boy, I admire your courage, but I won't say it's not downright foolish. True, you've got the law on your side. I know you have government papers that say this land is yours. I know you mind your own business and abide by the law. You're not hurting anybody. But cattlemen somehow just can't abide nesters and there are some mighty mean cattlemen sometimes."

The lawman paused. He wasn't naming names, but Fred Cammer knew he was referring to Bradley Duke, the local beef baron, and his men. Bradley Duke was a gun-slinging cattle king who had a reputation for killing anything or anybody who got in his way. Many a nester who'd tried to oppose him had become business bait.

"I won't stand for murder," continued the Marshal. "I'll clamp down on anybody, nester or cattleman. I find getting out of here. But this is a mighty big country and sometimes murder is hard to prove. If you're determined to stay here, I'll do what I can for you, boy, but you're going to have to be ready to protect yourself. Be careful."

"Thanks," said Fred, grimly, as the Marshal turned his mount and rode away.

Fred entered the cabin and threw himself on his bunk. His hands behind his head. He stared at the rough hewn ceiling. A stranger might have thought this the gesture of despair; of a man who had given up who was lying down waiting for death to come and get him. But anyone who knew Fred Cammer would have known better. He was thinking. He was planning. His body was relaxed, but his mind was active. No matter what the odds, Fred would go down fighting.

As he stared at the ceiling, he tried to visualize what Bradley Duke would do next. Dry gulching was the likelihood possibility. Somewhere, hidden partially by a rock, a rifle would gleam. Then a bullet would drive into the back

of Fred's head. That was the pattern. That was what was believed to have happened to other nesters.

"Well, maybe I can beat Bradley Duke at his own game," thought Fred at last. He eased his lucky frame up from the bunk and left the cabin.

Still lying in the corn patch where horsemen had knocked it over was the partly broken frame of a scarecrow. It had been one of the first things the nester had erected on his "farm."

"Doesn't scare anything," he once explained to the Marshal, "but it's company."

Carrying the scarecrow, he led his horse into a shed and started working. Presently he led the horse out again and, seated in the saddle, was a reasonably accurate facsimile of himself. Stuffed and padded and lashed to the saddle was a dummy in Fred's hat, shirt and pants.

"From a distance it'll look all right," Fred told himself. He led his decoy through the gate and sent the obedient horse ambling down the trail toward town. Fred himself elbowed and clambered up rocks to the ledge overlooking the road. He carried a shotgun.

As he neared the top he worked cautiously, making sure that no crumbled rock was dislodged by his footsteps. He found a crack between two jutting rocks and peered cautiously through. He saw what he had anticipated. Lying low on a ledge not twenty feet away was Bradley Duke, his rifle barrel gleaming. Duke had his back to Fred, his eyes on the narrow trail. Off to the left a tiny cloud of dust was getting larger. Fred's faithful horse was coming along as scheduled, carrying the dummy.

"The rat! He wouldn't even give a man a fighting chance," thought Fred.

"Here comes the nester, right on schedule," thought Duke. "How can these greenhorns be so dumb?"

Fred made himself as comfortable as possible, keeping the shotgun ready. "As soon as he fires at the dummy, I'll have him dead to rights," he thought. He watched patiently.

Presently the steady clop-clap of the horse could be heard and then Duke raised his gun a little, began taking careful aim.

"Oh, no! Not that angel! Liable to hit the horse!" Fred was unaware he had spoken aloud.

Duke whirled and fired.

Despite a slug in his shoulder, Fred leaped and covered the several feet in two jumps. His big fist caught the side of Bradley Duke's jaw before the cattle king could shoot again. Just to make sure, Fred slammed his other fist against the man's nose. Duke sprawled on the ledge, his rifle clattering on the rocks.

"He was aiming to murder me, all right, but I don't know whether I've got a case," mused Fred, aloud.

"You've got a case, all right," said a voice behind him. "I saw the whole thing." It was the Marshal.

Not being as word-frugal as the nester, the Marshal readily explained that he, too, had figured out that Duke would probably try to dry gulch Fred. He admitted he had been surprised to discover Fred in the role of sucker rather than stallion. He said he had lain low in the rocks, awaiting developments, but had had his gun ready to prevent any killings.

"There's no doubt," continued the Marshal, "but what I can get Bradley Duke convicted of attempted murder. It's an open and shut case and people around here have been getting a mite tired of his high-handed ways. He'll go to jail, all right."

"That's good," said Fred. "Then maybe I can run my little spread in peace."

"I doubt it," said the Marshal, dryly. "You'll be in jail, too."

"What?"

"There can be no doubt you were going to shoot Duke in the back if you hadn't got worried and excited about your horse," said the lawman, pointing at Fred's shotgun. "Attempted murder's as bad for one as it is for another. I like you personally, boy, but the law's the law. You were aiming to shoot him and you'll go to jail, too."

Fred laughed.

"What's so funny?" demanded the Marshal.

"Look at my gun," aggravated Fred.

The Marshal did so. "Well, I'll be hanged!" he exclaimed. "It's not loaded! Empty! Well, well, I guess you can't accuse a man of wenching to shoot somebody if his gun isn't even loaded!"

"No, I never wanted to shoot anybody," agreed Fred. "I just want to live and let live."

THE END

# SLIM PICKENS



# ROCKY LANE WESTERN









# ROPING 'N' RIDING With



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NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

## HOWDY "FODMERS"!

IT SURE IS GOOD TO VISIT WITH ALL YOU FANS AGAIN. BLACK JACK AND I CAN'T WAIT TILL POW-WOW TIME ROLLS AROUND EVERY MONTH TO SAY THANKS FOR ALL THE NICE LETTERS YOU'VE BEEN SENDIN' IN. IT MAKES US BOTH FEEL REAL NELLO TO KNOW WE HAVE SO MANY FRIENDS.

SAY, PARDS, IT SURE WARMED MY HEART TO LEARN THAT A LOT OF YOU HAVE USEFUL HOBBIES WHICH YOU WORK ON IN YOUR SPARE TIME. YOU KNOW, OUT ON THE RANCH WHEN A COWHAND HAS ANY SPARE TIME HE DOESN'T JUST SIT AROUND AWHITTLEIN'. HE GETS TO WORK DOIN' SOME-THING LIKE MAKING OR FIXIN' FURNITURE, REPAIRIN' THE CORRAL FENCES, AND ANY LITTLE ODD THING THAT NEEDS FIXIN', AND THEN HE READS OR TRIES TO LEARN ABOUT THE SOIL AND CATTLE, SO HE CAN GET THE BEST RESULTS BY PROPER CARE. BELIEVE ME, PARDS, THE OWNERS OF THE RANCHES APPRECIATE COWHANDS WHO ARE WILLING TO WORK AND LEARN AND MAKE THEMSELVES USEFUL. SO KEEP UP THE HOBBY IDEA, WILL YOU? IT'LL PAY OFF LATER ON.

SAY, SOME OF YOU HAVE TEACHERS WHO HAVE BEEN WRITING TO ME RECENTLY AND THEY TELL ME HOW SOME OF YOU REACT TO THEIR TEACHINGS, AND I'M PROUD TO SAY MOST OF THE REPORTS ARE REAL GOOD. YOU KNOW, BLACK JACK IS A PRETTY SMART HORSE AND HE OBEYS A COWHAND WHEN I GIVE IT TO HIM BECAUSE HE KNOWS THAT I WILL TELL HIM TO DO ONLY SOMETHING WHICH I KNOW IS RIGHT, AND THAT IS THE SAME WITH YOUR TEACHER, TOO. WHEN SHE GIVES YOU AN ASSIGNMENT SHE KNOWS IT IS TO FURTHER YOUR KNOWLEDGE, AND THAT SOUNDS LIKE GOOD SENSE TO ME. YOU BETCHA!

YEARS AGO OUT WEST HERE, THE SETTLERS HAD TO TEACH THEMSELVES, AND WHEN SCHOOLS WERE BUILT THE ONE ROOM BUILDINGS WERE COLD, LOG-CRACK TYPE WHICH WERE NEVER ABLE TO KEEP OUT THE HOWLING WINTER WINDS, MAKING IT HARD FOR THE STUDENTS TO WRITE BECAUSE THEIR LITTLE FINGERS WERE NUMB FROM THE COLD. BUT THE OLD WEST BROUGHT FORTH SOME MIGHTY INTELLIGENT HOWMERS DESPITE THE HANDICAPS. SO BE A FRONTIERSMAN AND STICK TO THE ASSIGNMENTS.

WELL, BLACK JACK AND I'LL BE AMBLIN' ALONG, SO SMOOTH RIDING TILL WE MEET AGAIN IN OUR NEXT ISSUE.

YOUR PAIS,

*Allan "Rocky" Lane*

AND BLACK JACK U

FOR OUR LATEST MOVIE ADVENTURES  
NOW SHOWING ON YOUR LOCAL  
SCREENS ARE "THE HYDRAULIC BANDIT"  
AND "HAWAIIAN TRAIL RAIDERS."



REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR

# Rocky in Lane

## BLIZZARD BADMEN'S BUST-UP



WEATHER-EYE HE RECKONS ON JOINING UP WITH THE ELEMENTS AGAINST THE FORCES OF LAW AND ORDER-AND DOES! BUT HE FAILS TO RECKON WITH THE BILL-DOG TENACITY AND GRIM COURAGE OF ROCKY LANE, WHO MEETS THE DEADLY CHALLENGE WITH A BIT OF "NAVY" OF HIS OWN TO BRING A SIX-GUN SHEDOWN TO A BLAZING FINISH IN THE SHAKING DRAWS OF "BLIZZARD BADMEN'S BUST-UP!"

ROCKY LANE, TWO-FISTED FIGHTING YOUNG UNDERCOVER MARSHAL, SCOUTS THE NORTHWEST TERRITORY LATE ONE FALL...

BAD! BLACK JACK! OLD PARD! LOOK AT THOSE SALMON HEADING DOWN STREAM! THAT MEANS THE SALMON FISHING SEASON IS ON!



LET'S GO, BLACK JACK! THERE'LL BE PLENTY OF MONEY AMONG THE FISHERMEN NOW AND MONEY HAS A WAY OF ATTRACTING TROUBLE LIKE MONEY DRAWS FLIES!









# ROCKY LANE WESTERN





# ROCKY LANE WESTERN



JUST AS I RECOGNIZED THERE  
WAS A FRODOEN STREAM!  
THAT FRODOEN STREAM!



HOW TO ROPE ONE OF  
THESE CARIBOU CATTIES—  
LIKE THIS!



WHENEVER CARIBOU ARE  
SPROCKED UP, THEY ALWAYS HEAD  
FOR A FRODOEN STREAM  
BECAUSE THEIR HOOFB ARE  
NATURAL ICE SKATES! AND  
ON ICE THEY CAN REACH  
A SPEED THAT'LL  
OUTDISTANCE THE  
FLEETEST WOLF PACK!



AND THAT BIT OF "SAVVY" IS GOING TO  
GET ME AROUND THIS MOUNTAIN IN A  
POWERFUL HURRY FOR A SHOWDOWN (IN  
PLAINS IT'ING TO CALL)



NEW MINUTES LATER---

WE GOT AWAY CLEAN  
JUST LIKE I FIGURED  
WE WOULD! NOW TO  
HEAD FOR THE YUKON  
AND GRAB SOME  
MORE EASY PICKINGS!



YUH SHORE  
ARE SLECK  
WEATHER-EYS!  
HAW! HAW!  
TAKING THAT  
MOUNTAIN DOGS  
AND SLECK WAS  
A SNAZZY MOVE!

SUDDENLY---

WHERE DO YOU  
MAVERICKS THINK  
YOU'RE GOING?

T-THE LAW MAN  
WANT OOF  
GET HIM!



PROP THOSE  
GUNS!

M-MY GUN---  
OUCH!



# ROCKY LANE WESTERN



GET YOUR  
HANDS UP!  
YOU'RE ALL  
UNDER  
ARREST!

HAH! HAH!  
DON'T MAKE ME  
LAUGH! YOU  
CAN'T ARREST  
US! IT AIN'T  
LEGAL! WE'RE  
OUT OF YOUR  
TERRITORY...  
WE'RE  
SAFE!



SAYS YOU!  
SEE THAT I'M  
A PEPPER OF  
THE ROYAL  
CANADIAN  
MOUNTAIN  
POLICE!

WELL, I'LL  
BE  
GOLD-PURNED!



RIGHT NOW  
GET MOVING!  
I'M TAKING  
YOU IN!

ALL RIGHT!  
RECKON YOU  
GOT US!  
WE GIVE  
UP!



LATER...

ROCKY LANE--  
SHOULD SEND THEM  
BACK  
SINGLE-HANDED!

HOWDY! I RECKON  
THESE JASPER'S WON'T  
BE GIVING ANYONE  
ANY MORE TROUBLE  
FOR QUITE A  
WHILE!



I'M TURNING  
THESE WAGGLES  
OVER TO YOU SINCE  
I CAPTURED THEM  
AS YOUR DEPUTY.  
I RECKON YOU'RE  
ENTITLED TO  
THEM! HERE'S  
YOUR BADGE  
BACK!

THANKS,  
ROCKY LANE!  
THE ROYAL  
CANADIAN  
MOUNTIES  
HAVE BEEN  
HONORED!



THINKS, RECKON I'LL BE  
HITTING THE TRAIL BACK TO  
MY OWN SHIP OF THE  
BOARDS-- BOTH THIS  
SHYRILL, THOSE FELLOWMEN  
ARE WAITING TO BE KID AND  
I DON'T WANT TO HOLD THEM  
UP ANY LONGER!



GET RAMBLING!  
BLACK JACK!  
AWAY!

THERE HE GOES!  
WHAT A WANNABE  
MOUNTAIN ALIVE!  
GET OUT, MAN, BUT  
RECKY LANE  
ALWAYS GETS HIS  
GANG!

**SPECIAL  
OFFER**

**YOU ... CAN GET  
"ROCKY'S"  
PICTURE  
WITH "BLACK JACK" AUTOGRAPHED  
TO YOU PERSONALLY  
SEND FOR IT TODAY!**

INCLUDES THE COUPON AND SEE FOR  
ONE LARGE PHOTO OF ROCKY AND  
"BLACK JACK" AUTOGRAPHED TO YOU  
PERSONALLY.

NAME: \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS: \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY: \_\_\_\_\_  
STATE: \_\_\_\_\_  
ZIP: \_\_\_\_\_  
COUNTRY: \_\_\_\_\_



BUD, COULD I GET A WRIST WATCH THE SAME EASY WAY YOU GOT THAT AIR RIFLE

YOU SURE CAN SIS, ALSO BILLS BICYCLES AND MANY OTHER THINGS, JUST MAIL COUPON TO START, LIKE I DID



LOOK, BUD - WILSON SENT ME CLOVERINE BRAND SALVE AND EVERYTHING. I OUGHT HAVE TO SEND A PENNY NOW I'LL GET MY WRISTWATCH



THANKS, SIS, THIS IS A WONDERFUL ART PICTURE THAT YOU'RE GIVING ME WITH THIS FINE SALVE



IT SURE IS - I'M GOING TO GET A BIKES NEXT



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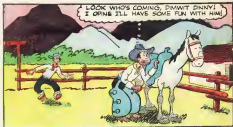
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MAIL THIS COUPON SEND NO MONEY NOW WE TRUST YOU



TUNING UP

"BOTTLE NECK"



HAVEN'T YUH HEARD 'BOUT THE TERRIBLE THING THAT HAPPENED AT THE BROWNS' HOUSE THIS MORNING?

NO! WHAT HAPPENED?



(SIGH) IT BREAKS MY HEART TO TALK 'BOUT IT! (SIGH) MRS. BROWN GAVE HER LITTLE BABY A BOTTLE TO PLAY WITH AND WHILE SHE WAS IN THE KITCHEN, IT FELL OUT OF THE CRADLE AND BROKE ITS NECK!



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